Volume LVII CHICAGO, JULY 26, 1906 Number 22

UNITY

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Henceforth, please God, forever I forego
The yoke of men's opinions. I will be
Light-hearted as a bird, and live with God.
I find Him in the bottom of my heart,
I hear continually His voice therein.

* * * * *

The little needle always knows the North,
The little bird remembereth his note,
And this wise Seer within me never errs,
I never taught it what it teaches me;
I only follow when I act aright.

—Emerson.

October 9, 1832.

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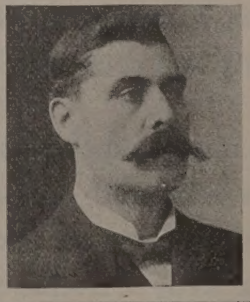

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VOLUME LVII THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1906 NUMBER 22

I am not poor, but I am proud
Of one inalienable right,
Above the envy of the crowd,—
Thought's holy light.

Better it is than gems or gold,
And Oh! it cannot die,
But thought will glow when the sun grows cold
And mix with Deity.

Boston, 1823. —Emerson.

UNITY rejoices in the candidacy of Winston Churchill for the governor's chair in New Hampshire. When the literary men, particularly the writers devoted to history and to patriotism, are given a place in the councils of the nation it will be well for the nation.

The War Department has recently discovered the youngest soldier of the Civil War. If reports are to be credited, Lyston D. Howe, of Streator, Ill., entered the service in the eleventh year of his age and received his final discharge in 1865. This drummer-boy-soldier suggests the possibility of youth when worthy emotions and adequate motive seizes them.

The school children of Kansas under the lead of the Kansas Daughters of the American Revolution are setting up markers along the old Santa Fe trail that led across the Rocky Mountains. The State of Kansas has contributed a thousand dollars and Kansas City two thousand dollars more, which, with the three thousand dollars of the school children (a penny apiece offering), is supposed to be adequate. This is improving on the Bible, which says, "Remove not the ancient landmarks," making it read, "Restore the ancient landmarks."

Notwithstanding the widespread distrust of the ministerial calling among college students and the suspicion that the profession is on the decline, the *Congregationalist* agrees with the Scotch Dr. Alexander White in believing "that there is no calling where the opportunities are so great, the life so strenuous, the ideals of attainment so lofty, so alluring and so unattainable" as that of the ministry. And we believe that this high standard of our contemporary is justified by the realities as well as the idealities of the calling. After all is said and done—

"Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

Ruskin reminds us that the true meaning of "economy" is not saving, but management. The word is derived from two Greek words signifying "the house" and "law" or "rule." He also reminds us that political economy is but household economy written large. It is wise management of affairs, skillful distribution of labor and the proper use of the outcome of the same. While reading in these days of the harvest fields that are going to waste for want of adequate laborers to garner the grain one can but wish that the United States could exercise the higher political economies reached by New Zealand, so that the unemployed in one locality could be hastened without cost to the point where employment is waiting.

Hampden, Tuskegee and Atlanta are the conference centers of the colored race. The last held was at the first named place. At this conference forty-one local conferences were represented from the State of Virginia alone. In addition to these local conferences there are standing committees for the protection of negro women, the safeguarding of colored girls seeking employment in northern cities. In these and many other ways these people are slowly but surely demonstrating the groundlessness of the distrust in their possibility to rise. While the reactionists of the north and the victims of an inherited prejudice in the south are busily discussing "the status of the colored man," the colored race as a whole is busily at work climbing up the ladder, overcoming difficulties, and vindicating the faith and justifying the sacrifices of their friends in the past and the present.

The *Literary Digest* quotes from a German paper, which has the insight to see the fell connection between the dynamite bomb that destroyed two dozen lives at the coronation of King Alfonso and the bull fight which the Queen of gentle birth and breeding enjoyed two days later. Says the German *Gesellschaft:*

"Was there no one to tell her that by doing this she was giving her sanction not only to the butchery of beasts, but to the possible murder of men? Did no one suggest to her that it is the duty of a sovereign not to flatter the baser instincts of a people, but foster the development of a people's higher nature? But history shows that men of slavish minds are found in every age, men who clamor for *panem et circenses,* the bread of idleness and free sports, and who are always ready to draw the sword of malice and treachery when suitable opportunity offers."—*Translation made for The Literary Digest.*

Charlotte Perkins Gilman has been writing of the club woman as a religious problem, in which she discusses the relation of the club to the church. As would be expected, she finds the club a more available field for woman's activities than the church as at present organized and contends that the club has come into being on account of the inadequate opportunity of-

fered woman's activities in the church. As usual she touches a touchy question with confidence and settles it, but we are inclined to think that the problem is not so easily settled. If the church is a permanent factor in civilization, if it is not to pass away, it ought to enlist the best energies of the best women as well as of the best men, for it represents paramount interests or a waning superstition. Is the woman's club a training school for the church with its more democratic interests, or is it a belated substitute that is to supplant the church on its humanitarian and culture side,—which phrases are equivalent to the spiritual life, to develop which is supposed to be the special province of the church.

At last the secret is out and the "new magazine" promised is announced. The exact nature of the "trouble" in the McClure office has not been made public; it need not be; there probably was no "trouble" other than such as belong to birth throes. Certainly the *American Magazine,* soon to be issued by "The Phillips Publishing House," with John S. Phillips, formerly of the McClure-Phillips Company, as editor-in-chief, and with Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stanard Baker, William Allen White, A. A. Boyden and F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley) as associates, will find cordial welcome at the hands of the best elements in American life. These writers have served a high apprenticeship in the pages of McClure's and elsewhere. For a while certain elements in society will continue to call them "scolds" and apply to them perhaps the unfortunate term of "muck-rakers," but in the long run they will be given a place among the prophets; those who in all ages have "lifted up their voices and spared not," and in that way secured the onward march of the race, the upward climb of the nations.

Our Neglected Youths

John Ruskin in his "A Joy Forever" says: "I believe the youth, of whatever rank, ought to learn some manual trade thoroughly, for it is quite wonderful how much a man's views of life are cleared by the attainment of the capacity of doing any one thing well with the hands and arms." In order to realize this education, he further urges in this connection that the state give to youths such an education as will enable them to support themselves when grown. The quality of the education he has had in mind is further indicated by the fact that he ventures the opinion that the most useful things English boys learned at schools in his day were "riding, rowing and cricketing." But, he promptly adds, "It would be far better that members of parliament should be able to plow straight and to make a horseshoe than only to feather oars neatly or point their toes prettily in the stirrups."

In order to secure this better education Mr. Ruskin advocated the establishment of government shops for every trade "in which all youths who desire it should be received as apprentices on their leaving school, and men thrown out of work received at all times."

We cannot within the compass of an editorial fully expound Mr. Ruskin's theory of education, but if he is right, and we believe he is, clearly the most neglected youths in America today are not the working children of working men, but rather the less favored children of the prosperous—those who are doomed to an enforced indolence through a large part of the energetic years of youth, or, what is but little better, the haphazard, undirected and non-disciplining activities of the amusement seeker and the "fun-maker."

At other times we gladly take up the plea of the over-worked; would fain ameliorate the condition of the alley-doomed children in these mid-summer days. But this week we have in mind the scarcely less neglected children who, in full health and energy, are trying to realize their lives in the healthy and beautiful retreats of the country. Practically three months of the year of such a boy's life is spent under the most favorable conditions in countryside indolence. If he is fortunate enough to find "boarding" at a farm house, he spends his time hanging around the barnyard waiting for a chance to ride a horse or mount a hay-wagon, to go picnicking, or walking, or fishing,—anything to break up the ennui that menaces the city boy under such circumstances.

Matters are still worse in the case of his sister, for she promptly passes into the age when the belted primness and the dainty elegance of the city is to be resumed at least three times a day—at meal time. The rest of the time is divided between reading—most anything—of course it must be "light" reading, because this is vacation, or in inventing amusements,—candy-making, card-playing, croquet, tennis or golf, and, above all, a chance for a ride, and still more riding.

While all this may be perfectly innocent, nay, more, —very desirable sanitary conditions for body and mind—they are wholly inadequate to meet the high demands of the education Mr. Ruskin had in mind. The conditions of such an education are not yet provided for in hardly any place that we know of. Indeed, the need of such education is hardly taken seriously by parents or by teachers.

Five or six hours a day in the week, nine or ten months in the year for twelve or fourteen years of a child's life may be time enough to give to the present curriculum of a child's education, perhaps a great deal too much, but all this other training of the hand and eye, the skill of the handicraft which Mr. Ruskin had in mind and which all progressive pedagogues urge, is unprovided for at the present time. It would seem as though these summer months is just the economic opportunity for the favored children to receive technical training on these high lines. Some day we foresee the organization of trade schools in the country, available to city boys and girls during the summer months where they will go, not to play at carpentry or to amuse themselves with wood-carving, blacksmithing or embroidery, but where, under the most favor-

able sanitary conditions, safeguarded from over-strain, they may learn to do the real thing and to attain an efficiency that will command the respect of the experts.

Mr. Ruskin well says again: "Discipline and interference lie at the very root of all human progress or power. The 'let-alone' principle is in all things which man has to do with the principle of death." The lads and lassies whom indulgent parents hasten from the city to the country to board out one-quarter of the year in undirected and undisciplined ways are sadly neglected, as any observer who contrasts their mental alertness, spiritual activities and moral self-reliance with the more favored children of the same age whose lives are filled with care for calves and chickens, with gardens to weed, cows to get, fathers and mothers to help, a harvest to save, perhaps colts to break and houses to build. We have already book-schools enough, perhaps too many, but we want tool-schools where real things are done in real ways and real excellencies on these lines achieved. Such achievements will come, not as the result of task-doing, but from the joy of directed energy, the fun of doing something.

What can be done for the neglected boys and girls who belong to the so-called favored class during the months set aside as a rest time to the over-weary?

The economic value of trade schools to wage-earners is often discussed, but their greater economic value to the capital and professional classes—those who are supposed to be relieved from the need of "working for a living," is a pressing subject seldom discussed.

Our Tower Hill Letter No. 2

IMPRESSIONS OF TOWER HILL.

To a newcomer Tower Hill is at once a haven of peace and a fountain of beauty and inspiration. It is an ideal democracy where the demands of each member are satisfied, both on the individualistic and on the social side; it is this perfect balance for each that is the basic condition for that peace that all find here.

Above all, it is a paradise for children, where they may roam widely, play freely in clothes suited to healthy child activity, and where they are spared the curse of too many opportunities from which many a rich man's child can only escape by becoming blasé. Here we have indeed the simple life.

The question inevitably forces itself upon one, Why should not this ideal life be possible elsewhere—be possible everywhere? A moment's reflection, however, answers the question. The simple life is not achieved merely by reducing the number of one's possessions; it is not primitive life; indeed, it is at least two removes from this.

Primitive life is the effort to find immediate satisfaction for pressing needs almost exclusively physical; the simple life is the most highly rationalized effort to satisfy our needs, among which we recognize clearly the more fully awakened aesthetic and spiritual wants.

The present complex harrying life is not due to the fact that we have too much civilization; it is because we have too little. Many of us are still in the stage of the Indian chief, who needs much paint, many beads and many feathers for his perfect self-realization. It is the people just emerging from the pressure of immediate physical want and awakening to other vaguely defined longings that must needs indulge in barbaric feasts, much upholstery, and plush albums.

The simple life is not a thing of the past; it is the high promise of the future; the blossoming of culture. The condition for it is an appreciation of what is truly beautiful in nature, art, and literature, not a lower, but a higher standard of living.

So Tower Hill, I take it, with its plain living and high thinking, is an earnest of the noble life that awaits man in some generation to come. It will not be, cannot be, realized until teachers—and among them I count ministers—have themselves an ideal of that culture that constitutes the simple life; not until they, in a measure at least, have realized such culture in themselves that their influence may count for more in society than it does now.

A perfect expression of the dominant spirit at Tower Hill was an event that took place last week, the dedication of a new cottage built by a grandmother for her grandchildren.

The company assembled in the evening with lanterns lit to ascend the path up the hillside. The capacious porch was large enough to hold the thirty or forty guests and here the exercises were held. The owner's interest in Ruskin's social ideas led her to name the cottage Brantwood. The program appropriately began with quotations, many of them chosen from Ruskin. True to the principle that the child should feel himself and should be treated as an integral part of the community, the children were the first to be called on to give their quotations. Then followed the reading, in concert, of Ruskin's Creed of St. George's Company, next the responsive reading that has been adopted for such occasions on Tower Hill, and finally an address by Mr. Jones and a prayer. Would that every home might be dedicated in the same simple, reverent spirit.

I add a few of the many fine quotations read. The first was brought by a boy of ten:

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded,
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded.

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass.

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,
Music that brings sweet sleep down
From the blissful skies.

"Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

"The green things growing, the green things growing!
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of the green things growing."

"And perfect the day shall be when it is of all men understood that the beauty of holiness must be in labor as well as in rest."

"Everywhere the gate of beauty
Fresh across the pathway swings,
As we follow truth and duty
Inward to the heart of things."

"This is God's house, the blue sky is the ceiling,
This wood, the soft green carpet for His feet,
Those hills, His stairs down which the brook comes stealing
With baby laughter making earth more sweet.

"And here His friends come, clouds and soft winds sighing,
And little birds whose throats pour forth their love,
And spring and summer and the white snow lying
Penciled with shadows of bare boughs above.

"And here come sunbeams through the green leaves straying,
And shadows from the storm clouds overdrawn,
And warm hushed nights when Mother Earth is praying
So late that her moon candle burns till dawn."

"Peace to this house where we shall enter in!
Here let the world's hoarse din
Against the panels dash itself in vain,
Like gusts of autumn rain;
Here, knowing no man's sway,
In the brief pauses of the fight,
Let music sound and love and laughter light
Refresh us for the day.

"The window waits where I shall sit me down
And sing a quiet song,
Then with the dawn I'll fling the casement wide,
And on the brimming tide
I'll send it forth, as Noah sent his dove,
Across the world of waves on wandering wings of love."

The words of dedication were as follows:

We dedicate this home to the service of truth, beauty and love.

Response: May it be a resting place to the weary, a shelter from carking cares, selfish ambitions, and unworthy anxieties.

We dedicate this house to the love of nature, to rest of body and soul, to communion of the inner life.

Response: May mercy, peace, and gentleness dwell within these walls, and may its inmates through it gladden other lives with their loves.

Here may flowing river, sleeping islands, steadfast pine, brooding hills, grass, flowers, birds, the distant hum of the toiling world, and the glory of sunsets be transformed into spiritual reality, translated into human joys, exalted into a faith in the goodness of God and the deathless life.

The summer school began Monday of this week. The early morning hour is devoted to nature study, led by Miss Hatherell and Mr. Olmsted; later in the forenoon Mr. Jones conducts a class in Bible study, and on three evenings of the week he has a class for the study of Ruskin's social theory, with readings from "Joy Forever" as a basis for the talks. Alternate evenings are given to lectures or talks on miscellaneous subjects. So far we have had two lantern lectures by Mr. Olmsted on birds. Many of the slides prepared by the lecturer himself represented the nests and the young of birds in various stages of development.

As important a part of the summer school, if not the most important, is the weekly hour that Mr. Jones gives the children for the study of poetry. The advantages for the study of nature poetry here are far greater than they possibly can be at a public school in the city, because the children here get the concrete experience necessary to vitalize the imagery of the poem.

There is a laudable effort at present on the part of the public school to make children acquainted with the best in literature. The attempt to make children acquainted with nature poetry must, I fear, in many cases prove futile or must, at best, result in sentimentalism, because there is no basis for it in experience. The second factor, absolutely necessary for success, and not always sure to be found in the schoolroom, is the leader's own love of poetry.

An essential element in the life of the child here, manifest not only in the poetry hour, but on all occasions, is the wide reverence that is developed in the only wholesome way in which reverence can begin to grow, the way that Milton, Goethe and Froebel indicate; reverence for the things about us, for things visible, reverence for the rights of others, among "others" being included animals and plants. There is no trapping or killing of animals to study them; they are studied, as they should be, in their native haunts. There is not a tree or a bush anywhere about that shows wanton interference with its natural development. Nor is this due to constant and formal interdict; there is simply no tendency to destructiveness, because the environment, under the wise guidance of elders, offers so much that is new and wonderful. This natural reverence is no doubt reënforced by the thoughtful and not perfunctory repetition, on occasion, of Ruskin's Creed, one article of which says:

"We will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth."

Where some of the older and theoretical grounds for reverence have been abandoned, it becomes a question how the religious training of the young is to be achieved. Unitarianism still has this problem to solve. The doctrine of a God of wrath, of an everlasting punishment, appeals to one of the most deep-seated instincts in the race, namely, fear, and the youthful mind can therefore easily be made to react to it; so, in consequence, will it react emotionally to the doctrine that faith in Jesus, faith in the atonement, offers an escape from this impending wrath.

The Unitarian and other liberals in religion in the religious education of their children are obliged by their faith to begin on an entirely different ground. If their faith is to hold its own, if it is to be more than a philosophy, more than a welcome escape for those reared in a gloomy theology; if it is to give light and warmth to those born within its fold instead of leaving them half-hearted and indifferent, we must give our best and most earnest thought toward finding that basis upon which a vital and rational religious life may grow. If I mistake not, the leaders at Tower Hill are on the road to its discovery.

Revolution in Russia

Events in Russia, as chronicled by our associate on the Watch Tower, seem to fulfil quite remarkably the expectation of the Watchman who reported the organization of the Douma May 10. In UNITY of May 17 is the prophecy: "Probably the Czar will close a brief and stormy session and the representatives of the people will be forced to return to their homes with very little history making to their credit." But also on that day, May 10, "a force was set in motion which will certainly go on increasing in scope and power until the last vestige of absolutism is swept away from the ruler of Russia." There still seems reason to expect this latter prophesy will be fulfilled.

It is idle to speculate on what the Douma or the Czar might have done, but we fear the Czar has seriously erred in delaying the date of the new Parliament until March, 1907. Can he possibly hold out so long? Is this a mere revolt which will be put down and quickly with an iron hand, or is it indeed revolution? It seems likely the Czar has now plunged his government into a sea of blood from which it will emerge, if it escapes at all, by the aid of an appeased or at least mollified popular assembly. C. A. O.

THE PULPIT

Truths I Have Sought to Make Prominent

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY SERMON BY DAVID BEATON, PASTOR LINCOLN PARK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, APRIL 29, 1906.

Eph. V, 21: "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good."

After fifteen years of public ministry in one place it is proper to consider the character of the service rendered, and I propose to do so this morning by applying to my preaching a very simple test. I ask myself and I ask you, Has it manifested spiritual sympathy with human life? Has it been of practical value in the work of life? And has it satisfied the intelligence of the progressive thinker? The first test is the deepest, because it touches the core of the gospel. It is in vain to preach if men feel that the preacher is hard and unsympathetic with men in the sins and sorrows of real life. The second test is less deep, but very real, for it bears upon our work, our burdens, our present actual need of help. The last test is more restricted in its operation, but where it applies is often a vital matter. I mean by it, Has my preaching been narrow, temporary, superficial? Would any thoughtful man or woman turn upon me after coming to mature years and say, "I listened to your teaching in my formative period, but I have outgrown your ideas—they do not satisfy my matured intelligence?" Or can they honestly say, "Your interpretations of truth have become clearer and more satisfying as I have grown older and seen clearer and comprehended life more deeply?"

These tests, then, I propose to apply to some of the leading truths which I have sought to make prominent in my ministry in Chicago. And for the enumeration of those truths I have not gone to my imagination and sought ideas which I wish I had set forth, but to the record of my actual thoughts and works. The first of these is:

I. *The divine soulship of all men.* During three years of my maturer ministry this transcendent truth with all its redemptive dynamic has forced itself upon me. I have enforced it, and exalted it as the strongest ground of the religious instinct, as the unshakable foundation of divine mercy and the radiant source of the everlasting hope. I apply the first of my tests to this truth. Where is man to find sympathy, comfort, even, but in the primordial and essential relation of his nature to God? If God is his father as well as creator and ruler, then man is divine and his destiny is the just theme of celestial interest. For what, after all, do we mean by the value of a soul but just this, that the soul, the man, is divine; that his life is of priceless worth, and that his redemption is a fit drama for the principalities to play a part in. Indeed, is the heart of all tragedy, not just how that a soul is involved in disaster? There is no tragedy in the loss of dollars or fools—it is only when lives, intelligence, the things of supreme worth are entangled in moral perplexities and disaster that there is any basis for tragedy.

This is the doctrine which furnishes us the ground of the sacredness of human life. This also truly reveals the deep damnation of sin. And this also justifies the universal offer of mercy to all hearts that have gone astray. Besides, this truth carries with it all those practical implications bearing upon the social and civic phases of modern thought and activity that it throbs and thrills with the vital dynamic of practical help. It is out of this truth as from a fountain that the healing waters of human brotherhood alone can flow, and from that stream of life all the practical ameliorations, such as commercial coöperation, universal peace and amity between capital and labor must be fed. Indeed, until we grow tall enough to look over the walls of sect, and creed, and race, and trade and nation, we can do little for the deeper and diviner nature within us. God is the real hope of the race, but he must be no racial deity, no partial ruler, no respecter of nationalities or creeds, but the Father of all, in whom all souls have confidence and hope.

II. The next important truth I have sought to make prominent is the centrality of Christ in theology often called *"Back to Christ,"* or more fully, Back to the Historical Christ. At the State Association of Illinois in 1895 I read a paper with this caption, which was thus used for the first time in America as far as I can ascertain. It drew attention to what has become known since then as the Centrality of Christ in Modern Religion. It dealt with Christ as the Creative Person, the original and unique and supreme authority in the church and theology, and so raised the whole question of apostolic and subsequent authority. But this great truth is of supreme practical significance. It reminds us that the gospel grew out of the heart of Christ; that his teachings, his life, his sufferings, his ideals are the subjects of our vital religious interest and study. We are thus able to go right back past all tradition and conventional forms of thought and ritual and get close to the throbbing heart and brain of Jesus the Christ. This movement of thought is neither negative nor destructive, but it has, by bringing us into contact with the historical reality and spiritual simplicity of Jesus, because the vital principle in the reconstruction of all forceful religion in the present day. The great truth carries with it the implication of the unity of the spirit as distinguished from the divisiveness of creeds, of the practical reality and simplicity of true faith as a heart experience of religion as against the formal ritual and tradition of a dead cult. It harmonizes with the demand for research, investigation, scholarship and all open-eyed truth, and gives the note of manliness and progressiveness to our faith. It really helps us to see how simple and natural and direct are the essential features of the Christian religion by incarnating them in a loving, gracious and sympathetic personality. And by means of this incarnation making transcendent interests matters of common daily concern and bringing them into the hearts of plain men and women and little children. Back to Christ is now a watchword, and like back to nature, back to the land, and back to the first principles, is distinctive of the better thought of our age.

III. The third great truth I have sought to make prominent is *The Naturalness of Religion.* I never could understand a religion that was a sort of afterthought with God—even for a redemptive purpose. The notions of moral disaster involving all flesh, thus necessitating a kind of ethical patchwork on the original plan of creation, never was to me a conceivable thing, and the advance of all lines of thought and research makes it to intelligent people forever impossible as a final statement of truth. The opposite is grander in sweep of moral interest, deeper in spiritual insight, and more satisfying to the reason. This namely that religion is an essential and integral part of man's nature; that it is in fact the instinct and quality of his life that has made him Man. Just as literature and art, and all the graces of life have been evolved because man is a *soul* and not a mere *corpus,* so all faith, hope, love, piety and purity has been evolved out of his soul in the most orderly and natural of processes.

The superficial thinker will gag at this; he will get rattled and cry naturalism. But this is simply because he is deceived by appearances. There is a naturalism which is supernatural, as there is an East which is West. It is impossible for the human mind to rest in fragmentary systems. We cannot today satisfy our intelligence with a celestial afterthought as the unifying principle in the spiritual realm of intelligence. All Nature is of a piece, all life is one, all orders of being as well as all expressions of life are the outgrowth of one divine energy. And religion is not only no exception but it is the one expression of the divine life in man which demands this unifying principle of life more than all the others.

For example let us take that doctrine of the Operation of the Holy Spirit. If we are to think of this supreme conception of the imagination of man as anything beyond the most partial and mechanical notion of the narrowest of sectaries and let it broaden out into a universal and spiritual agency of power in the total mentality of all men, then we must conceive of it as natural, springing out of the very conception of man's relation to God, and inherent in his human mental functions. This is the divine breath that breathes into every soul; it is the source of all piety, all purity, all high resolves, all inspirations of beauty and grace, all love and power. To feel it and respond to it is as natural as for the bud to feel the warmth of spring, or the bird to sing his mating song, or the child to crow in his mother's face, or the lover to brave perils for his lady, or the soldier and saint for country and cause. And accordingly cowardice, license, dishonor and the withdrawing of the heart to the solicitations of vice are abnormal. Sin is abnormal; it is the turning away from Nature and the manifest destiny of the human soul.

Then again let us take the doctrine of Human Reason, which is the complementary truth of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Why should it be thought necessary to antagonize the reason? Why multiply difficulties to the highest expression of the divine in man? If there are difficulties in religion they should be purely practical—those necessary and inevitable difficulties that stand in the way between the conception of an enterprise and its accomplishment in practical shape. These are our moral difficulties—the irrepressible conflict between the spiritual ideal and the actual concrete deed. Out of these come virtue and the soul's victory. But if I am told I must believe because it is impossible and all sorts of moral, intellectual and metaphysical difficulties are put in my way as if my reason was not just as natural and divine as the operation of God's own Spirit—then am I stultified and religion is stultified in me. But in fact these are artificial, man-made difficulties arising in an unscientific age and intended to prop up a decaying priestly authority. The facts and ideas of religion are just as susceptible of explanation to any human intelligence, as far as it can reach, as to the divine intelligence; and I am asked to believe nothing that I do not understand. For if any truth is presented to me that I do not understand, there is necessarily a claim that the writer of that truth understood it, and if he understood it I may with proper application. But if it is said there are truths in Nature and life beyond human comprehension, I reply surely, but they are not made articles of saving faith. I am asked to believe in God's love, to accept God's mercy, and to do God's will, and I understand perfectly all these terms—nor does my acceptance or doing of these things depend on the concept of deity underlying them, for that concept may be different to all men. And even if I am required to have a concept, it is then *my* concept—something which I understand.

The fact is, much of this mystery in religion is due first to our own mental laziness, because we are unwilling to think things out; and second to the teaching of priests and fanatics who want to make their dupes think there are mysteries in religion which only authorized officials can understand. Now I see in Nature and human life a divine order, and rationality. I see how all things proceed from God; that God is intelligence as well as love, and that if this whole universe was brought into being apparently that out of it should come a moral and spiritual intelligence like man, and that the crown and glory of man is his soul, his mentality—then I say there can be no contradiction between man's reason and God's, for the one is but the child of the other. God is in Nature, God is in man's soul, are the final teachings of all modern science and philosophy, as they always were the underground of Jesus' teaching.

Now this is what I mean by testing my teaching by the progressive thought of the age. Sooner or later the growing man and woman asks, Do the teachings of my youth agree with the mature knowledge and deeper experience of my later life? The religious wrecks on the rocks of scepticism are mostly due to a false supernaturalism. What does not satisfy the intelligence will not long satisfy the heart, nor inspire the will. We cannot live in the age of electric light and wireless telegraphy with our intellects, and live in the age of tallow candles and post-horses, with our religious faith. Faith and Reason are really in the same boat—the intelligence and the ethical will as well as the pious emotions are one interest and must face one fate.

Then lastly I have sought to make prominent the great truth of the simplicity and nobleness of a useful life. I came back from the country in 1896 and preached a sermon on "Face to Face." It was the germ out of which grew my little book on "Selfhood and Lowell." It may not be improper to state that so long ago I set forth the main ideas that have since got currency under the caption of "The Simple Life." There I tried to enforce the reality of life, its strength and worth in simple living and especially in the right that every one has to live his own life, limited only by his privilege of service. I rejoice that these ideas are gaining prominence and that life is fairer, purer, stronger and nobler to many of you because of this teaching. It is out of such evidences of progress that we are justified in believing that mankind is growing better, and that when we have done our work and served our day we can turn home to the peace and security of our own loved ones, in the bosom of our own homes and find rest; but even this joy is surpassed, for such a privilege reminds us that so we can turn to the bosom of Mother Nature and the heart of our Father God.

Do Thy Part

Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing long back to this far-looming hour,
Say: Then the time when men were truly men;
Though wars grew less, their spirits met the test
Of new conditions; conquering civic wrong;
Saving the state anew by virtuous lives;
Guarding the country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's and their sons';
Defying leaguèd fraud with single truth;
Not fearing loss; and daring to be pure.

—*Richard Watson Gilder, in the Heroic Age.*

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, OF FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SON'S LETTER.

Those who look for a detailed history of Mother Bickerdyke in these papers—one that would follow her step by step through her many activities, through her army life, her work in the "slums" in both eastern and western cities ere slumming had become the "fad" it now is, when only those thoroughly in earnest and with the desire to brighten the submerged lives deeply implanted in their hearts would enter upon such work —will, I fear, be much disappointed. Abler pens than mine have already written such histories; I would only tell of her as I knew her, and give you such pictures of her life, such glimpses of the work she did as she gave me from time to time when I visited with her in her Russell home. In these visits she gave me vivid pictures indeed, but without the details and data necessary to the writing of history. There was a time when I expected to write her full story, so far as it could be told in words, taking it from her papers and letters and from her own life, but one little circumstance and then another arose to prevent me and after a time, the thought seemed to grow distasteful to her. She said, "I have been before the public long enough—the interest in me cannot be what it once was, and any way, my boys know what I have done and will remember it and that's enough. All I ask now is to be let alone. Let me rest, for I am tired"—and the time, the opportunity passed by. Yet I cannot think she would object to these memories of mine, written out of my reverent love for her and my sincere desire that the world should know as much as possible a worker who was like no other of whom we have record. An angel of mercy and an angel of wrath in one—a tender, true-hearted woman, lacking no womanly quality, no refinement, and yet strong and invincible of purpose as any man. A "Meg Merriles" our editor called her, and yet she was a Dorothy Dix, too, with a heart that felt every throb of pain in another, and eyes as ready to weep in sympathy for sorrow as to flash fire over some crime committed. A hand that would wield the rod—if the rod was needed—and at the same time would "lead on gently" where gentleness would suffice—a strange unworldliness in some matters and yet with a deep knowledge of human nature. A great understanding of the wants and needs of humanity. One who won her way and accomplished her purpose everywhere loved, honored and reverenced by all who knew her—by those in high places, whose names are known "at the gates" of our national life, as by the poor pensioners on her bounty; welcomed to the beautiful homes of the wealthy as eagerly as to the humble home of the laborer; moving with easy grace in one as in the other and everywhere making her influence felt for good. Ah, no! too much cannot be written of her. She cannot be too well known among us.

Perhaps here is as good a place as any to give you an extract from a private letter I recently received from her only surviving son, Hiram B. Bickerdyke, of Ericson, Montana, where he has an important position as mail contractor—a man so firm in his principles and convictions that, I have heard, he will employ no one who uses liquor or any intoxicating drink as a beverage—thus proving himself well worthy of his noble mother. It is with his full knowledge and consent that these papers are written. Under date of December 3, 1905, he writes me:

"As to my recollections of home life with mother I will say that the fact is we never had but one season of about six months of home life after the war of '61 and '65. Mother's charity and self-sacrifice were wider and greater than the public generally believes or knows. However, she was the grandest mother to her children, and no sacrifice was too great for them. What she did for them, as well as others, will never be fully known. I was with mother during the winter of 1868, on a trip to Washington to secure governmental aid for the desolate settlers of Kansas, caused by the Indian raids of that year. I did not see her after that for six years, and then, in 1874, was with her from December of that year till March, 1876, and I have never seen her since. As long as mother had strength and energy to move and do she never would settle down—which she did in the latter eighties with my brother at Russell, Kan. It is a fact that mother was at home with Brother James longer than at any other time since 1861. I traveled with her, as before stated, and did most of her clerical work and saw much of her wonderful influence with the best people of that time, also her great executive ability, as there was no failure with anything she undertook. Everything must give way before her wonderful will. That she was always right has been well proven, however strange it seemed at the time. Her great simplicity and commonsense overcame all obstacles however great and the greater they were the more willing was she to undertake to overcome them—not for herself, but for others. It was by these traits she won the confidence of Grant, Sherman and Logan, and many others with whom she came in contact.

"*She never failed in anything but for herself.* For herself was never in existence—not in the smallest matter. I have never seen anything like it, and it is hard to make people understand that such did exist. Mother's work for others and her influence with the good people in making them give for others will never be known only by those who gave and assisted her in her work. The same influence was at work with all the famous and great military leaders during and after the war. I *know* this, for I was with her and *saw* and heard for my self. 'It is hard to get one to exceed his authority for the good of others,' they would say (those great generals and heads of departments), 'but we will do it, Mother Beckerdyke, for you *never fail*, and we know, from somewhere, you will make it all right'—and she did. I have often thought she was inspired, as she seemingly came up against some great wall, forbidding farther progress, but like a flash all seemed to move out of the way.

"As to mother's home life in her last days in Kansas I presume you are more fully acquainted with than myself. I went down to Kansas upon receipt of the telegram telling of her illness, but did not arrive in time to attend the funeral. I live a long distance from railroads and telegraph stations and, for that reason, did not learn of her sickness in time to reach her before all was over—a fact that I deeply deplore. I am the only surviving son, as Brother James passed away last December, one year ago.

"Strange as it may seem to others, we never, as a family, had mother with us after the war. Her energy and life went to aid others. As she would bluntly tell me, 'Others need it and you and *we don't*,' when I tried to prevail upon her to settle down, and largely for this reason I, like others, let her hold her way, for she was right."

I deeply regret I had not talked more with Prof. James R. Bickerdyke concerning his home life with his mother, for he could have told me many little incidents that would have added much to the interest of my story, for he, more than any other, lived close to her in those last years, and knew of her inmost heart and purpose.

I know she was anxious that only the truth should be told of her, for she said to me once, "Whatever you do, tell them just the truth," and I answered, "I shall do so if you tell it true to me, for I shall tell the tale as 'tis told to me." In speaking of one who had written quite extensively of her some years before she said: "It is a case of great I and little me"—meaning the writer had aggrandized herself in her writing without really telling much of what Mrs. Bickerdyke had done. She did not like that the recording of her work should be used as a stairway to fame for another. She dealt honestly with all and would have honest dealing from all for herself. Nor did she forget those in her service —but was kind and good to them as to all others. One in particular I remember, a mulatto girl, or woman, who was her housekeeper and general factotum for many years, giving generously of the love of her heart

as well as of the work of her hands to the good mother who did much in many ways for her. This girl had a longing to study music and what did Mother Bickerdyke do but to send her down to Lindsborg, Kansas, a noted musical center, where she studied music to her heart's content. This woman's devotion to the family was so great that, even after Mother Bickerdyke was gone she remained to make a home for her son, where he might come for rest and recuperation whenever he had a little vacation from teaching and work among the schools. She would not press her claim for her wages when the son too was gone and the estate came to be settled, but let what was due her go "to help the soldier boys"—as nearly all that came into that family went—and she, too, is worthy of mention among those who helped the good mother in her work of love. The world can never know how much of help and encouragement is given those who work in public by just such lowly helpers as Lydia, who kept the home fires bright and warm and, in many ways, had her part in the good that was done. Nor did Lydia think less of her mistress that she spoke her mind freely whenever the work did not go to suit her. She was expected to speak her mind always and she did so "without let or hindrance." We all knew just where she stood, just what she would do and what she expected others to do, and life with all of its stern realities—perhaps because of its stern realities as well as of its joys—was beautiful and good to her and through her—through the love and the help she gave—to others also. The "primal duties" were ever before her—shining clear and steadfast—in life's sky, and she went from service to service, from love to love, steadfast, earnest and true.

Teaching the New Bible

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION, UNIVERSITY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CHICAGO, JUNE 5, 1906, BY BENJ. S. WINCHESTER, PASTOR CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WINNETKA, ILL.

It may seem to some that such a wording of the subject is a begging of the question. It might be better to discuss the question whether there is a new Bible before we undertake to teach it. I suspect that the adjective was applied in something the same way that it is used in the familiar expressions, "new pedagogy," "new psychology," "new theology." I cannot help thinking, however, that the phrase as thus used, "new Bible," may be somewhat misleading. Are we ready to admit that a new Bible exists? Pedagogy, psychology, theology, are sciences; and it may be proper to speak of new sciences, i. e., new discoveries of facts, new interpretations of phenomena, new attempts to systematize our knowledge. But the Bible is not a science; it is rather one of the facts which science seeks to interpret. And objectively considered, there is no new Bible. We have the same Bible we have always had, no more, no less; and this, in spite of the charge from some quarters that the Bible has been all cut to pieces and destroyed. I remember very distinctly a remark of President Harper's in this connection about a year ago. He was alluding to the popular misconception that modern scholarship is trying to tear leaves out of the Bible and throw them away. Men say Moses did not write this; therefore cut it out. David did not write this psalm, cut that out. Isaiah did not write this prophecy, cut that out, etc. By and by what have we left? Only the two covers, the leaves all gone. Now this, of course, is utterly to misunderstand the work of the modern biblical critic, the devout one—and there are some such. His position is rather this: Moses did not write this; very well, place it over here, a little later. David did not write that; then put it in where it was written. Isaiah did not write all of this book; then put the part he didn't write in the place where it belongs. Nothing is thrown away, nothing is lost; it is simply rearranged, so nearly as is possible, in chronological order. How much is left? It is all left, all we ever had. In this sense there is no new Bible.

And yet there is a sense, as I presume you have all been thinking, in which we may use the expression "new Bible." We are sometimes told that "the eye sees what it brings the power to see." In other words, all facts have their objective and their subjective aspects. Objectively considered there we have the Bible today, the same that it always has been. Subjectively considered, there is no question that the student trained in recent methods of study approaches the Book with a very different conception of it from that which his father held. Whether the conception be right or wrong, it is a fact that the Bible which he sees and studies and reverences is a far different Book from the Bible of yesterday; indeed, a "new Bible."

It may be worth while to notice a few of the characteristics of this new Bible. One of the most obvious and striking, as Prof. Kent has reminded us in his most recent work, is our thought of it as a collection, a library of books, rather than a book. Every Bible student should have at least a part of some such collection as "The Modern Reader's Bible," or "The Temple Bible," constantly before him, to keep him conscious that the Bible is not one writing, but many; not the product of one author's activity, but of numerous authors; not the work of one year, or one century, but of many centuries. This fact alone leads one, when he has come to appreciate its bearing, to read the Bible with more of attention and discrimination than before. I do not mean to say that we have not known all along that the Bible is a collection of books whose authorship covers a wide stretch of time and space; but there is a new emphasis upon this fact today, a new consciousness of it.

This fact suggests another. The new Bible is a much more concrete Book than the old. We have learned to look here for living, definite realities; less for abstractions and philosophies. On the other hand, we take larger draughts of its nourishing stream; we take a chapter now, instead of a verse; we study a book, instead of a chapter. But we try to gain from it some definite, concrete impression, and to set this in relation to other definite, concrete impressions, rather than to take a bit here and a bit there, as though they were parts of a dissected picture whose outlines we knew beforehand and whose pieces we now set together in their well-known positions.

Our new Bible is not only more concrete, it is a more human book than before. A Sunday school teacher was teaching a class of girls the story of St. Paul. In order to infuse a spirit of reality into the teaching, she called attention to some of the things for which Damascus is known to us even today. She spoke of the Damascus steel, of the Damask linen, etc. At length one of her pupils, in open-eyed astonishment, looked up and observed with childish frankness, "Why, I always thought Damascus was just a made-up place!" Too often have the men of the Bible been looked upon either as "made-up" characters, or if not just that, as a sort of unreal or half-real beings, living not only at a remote period, but under circumstances that were altogether exceptional and quite beyond the experience of the men of today. But the student of today, with what seems sometimes

like an almost sacrilegious touch, elbows his way somewhat roughly into the presence of Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Isaiah, Amos, Jeremiah, John the Baptist,—yes, even of Jesus the Christ, and seems impertinently to ask them how they really thought and felt, why they spoke as they did, how they received their light, and what they would say to us today. There can be no question that the personalities of these Bible characters stand out in much bolder relief before the minds of Biblical students today than they have done in recent centuries past. Whether our appreciation of these several characters is altogether correct or not, is another question, but we have, at least, begun to appreciate them.

There is another side to this. If the Bible of today is less a scientific Book than it used to be, if it is less historical in the sense of being an accurate book of reference upon all matters pertaining to ancient history, if it is not generally referred to longer as a storehouse of universal information and as an authority upon all matters in everyday experience; if it seems to have lost some of its importance in these respects, it has compensatingly gained, and vastly gained, in its religious importance. More than ever today do we prize it for its religious worth. For we have come to regard it as the continued story of man's continuous search for God, the faithful record of his successes in this quest, and the impartial critic of his failures. Nay, more than was realized before, it is now seen that the Bible presents to us the sublimated results of religious effort gained from whole civilizations; Babylonian, Assyrian, Arabian, possibly Egyptian, Persian and Greek and Roman, have poured their life's most precious treasure into this common treasury, out of which we draw such quantities as we may, to transmute them again into human life and experience.

Some think the new Bible is no more a divine Book. That depends upon what we mean by a divine Book. If we mean a Book that so far transcends man's comprehension as to be full of obscure and enigmatical messages, a book whose background and characters and teachings all savor of remote and unnatural conditions, a book in which we find God only as we behold Him acting in unusual and, so far as our common experience goes, in inconceivable ways,—if these are the characteristics of a divine Book, the Bible has perhaps lost somewhat of its divine character. But if a divine Book be one which presents to us, throughout a wide range of history and through a correspondingly wide range of personality, a picture of men who walked with God and did his will; men to whom he revealed his character and with whom he dwelt in a happy and helpful fellowship; a Book which presents to us One Life which enjoyed this communion to the fullest possible extent, who did no wrong, who felt no rebellion, whose every word and act were eloquent of Deity in all his infinite love and power and wisdom and self-sacrifice; whose spirit was caught in a measure by other men, lifting them up to God and turning back to inspire others with the same spirit,—if these are the emphases which we look for in a divine Book, our new Bible is certainly not less divine than the old was.

But after all has been said, we must agree, I think, that the effort of scholars has been to give us a new Book which is, more nearly than before, the original Book. To what purpose has been all this delving into criticism, lower and higher, this marshalling of the facts of history, this learning of dead languages? To no other purpose than to ascertain as fully as possible what was the original Bible. What was the original text? How has it suffered corruption in transmission? To whom did these men originally speak and write? And just what did they mean to say? Looked at from one point of view the results of such microscopical study seem often trivial and strained, but from another standpoint they are no more so than the histological researches of the biologist and pathologist which have disclosed within the tissues the presence of foreign and noxious substances and organisms, of whose existence we were unaware, but to whose existence was due disease and even death. The process has sometimes seemed severe, but out of it will eventually come a Book more concrete, more human, more religious, more divine, more vital and vitalizing, more nearly what it was originally intended to be, than we have ever known before.

As we think of our new Bible, and of the process by which it has been gained, some hints are suggested to us for the teaching of the Book. So great and so sudden and so startling has been the change through which some of us have passed that we would fain spare our children some of the pangs of this new birth. Perhaps we may venture to lay down a few broad principles which should underlie all our Bible teaching.

In the first place, if we think we have a new Bible we should teach the *new* Bible; not the old Bible, or a mixture of new Bible and old Bible. In other words, let us be true to our convictions as to what the truth is, in our teaching. If we think that the Bible is not to be regarded as a text-book on geology, let us not claim that it is such, nor teach that the early chapters of Genesis teach that the universe was created in seven literal days. We need not teach negatives; it is simply a question of emphasis, and let us therefore lay the emphasis where we think it belongs, viz., upon the fact that man owes his origin to God, in whose image he was made; that he voluntarily turned his back upon the spiritual communion with God which he might have enjoyed, that he has ignored his social relations and lived selfishly, not recognizing that his brother has rights which he is bound to respect, etc. If we do not think that Moses wrote the whole of the Pentateuch, or David all the Psalms, or Isaiah all of the prophecy which bears his name, then let us not teach that they did. If we are not quite sure that Jesus intended us to understand that it is as important for us to emphasize the account of the virgin birth as it is for us to emphasize the sermon on the Mount, then let us teach with the emphasis that we think he did intend. In other words, why should we longer teach our children things that they will have to unlearn if they are to spend their lives in a modern world?

But, in the second place, if we are to teach the new Bible, let us also be careful to teach nothing but the new Bible. If we may not confuse our children with old traditions which no longer seem true, let us be equally careful not to teach them theories which are as yet only theories, to be handed down as a new tradition to be unlearned later. Let us discriminate closely in our teaching between what is the truth and the Bible and what is someone's guess about the truth or the Bible. The new tradition may look more attractive than the old, simply because it is new, but it may in many cases be no better, perhaps not so good.

This kind of teaching will mean that we, as teachers, must form a proper perspective through which to view the Bible. We must learn to discriminate more closely between the whole and its parts, between the large and the small, between the relatively important and the less important, between that which will fit one age and stage of development and what will fit another stage. Professor Ballantine, in addressing the

Religious Education Association, said: "I believe that the time has come when the entire body of Sunday school teachers of our continent should know and should lay at the basis of their teaching those fundamental conceptions of the Bible which the prodigious efforts of devout scholarship during the last half century have established." Yet he does not think that this means that teachers of the future shall strain after a more accurate knowledge of the minutiæ of Biblical study. "Not in more intense study of the details of the book, but in broader and more thoughtful study of the *subject* of which the book treats, lies our hope. From the Old Testament we learn of the religious life of the ancient Jews, and from the New Testament we learn the life of Jesus and the founding of the Christian Church." By several illuminating illustrations he goes on to show how utterly misleading it may often be to take the pupil, especially the young pupil, through lengthy digressions on manners and customs, on Assyrian history, on etymological and philological explanations, etc., etc.

This means, I suppose, that we should teach, whether new Bible or old Bible, with a consciousness of present day needs in mind, and the new Bible seems to make it possible to do this more truly than ever before. If the Bible is a book of life, it is a book for our life here and now; if it tells us of the struggles of men to find God it can tell us how to find him; if it tells the story of sin and shame, it can warn us against our own sin; if it reveals the path to the new life, and discloses the personality of him who is the Life and the Light of men, we may follow the Light and attain the Life. The teaching of the new Bible does not mean, so far as the Sunday school at all events is concerned, a new moralizing or a new sermonizing; it means rather the presentation of truth that is permanent and universal in the form in which it is best fitted to grip and hold the mind, that is, in human form, incarnate in personality, with all of the freshness and vividness and vitality which is implied in this statement.

The new Bible has already made necessary the new Sunday school. Psychologists went to work and, with the aid of the biologists, figured out that the child recapitulates the history of the race; that a child's world is therefore different from the adult world, the child's religion different from the adult religion. That therefore we must take account of this fact in our teaching of the child, and in teaching him religion. That it is a waste of opportunity to try to teach him adult religion at the childhood stage, or the youth stage. What he wants then is childhood religion, youth religion. Very well. The Biblical scholar comes now and says, here is your material, in the new Bible. Here is the record of developing religion, the story of a developing people. You will find this new Bible just suited to the child's need. Your child will be passing through his nomadic, tribal period. He will enter the stage of half-savage anarchy, described in the book of Judges. He will pass on and begin to adjust himself to the social relations and forms of conventional life, in the books of the Kings. He will have to meet the temptations of a conventionalized society, against which the prophets thundered. He will have his soul struggles, his sufferings, his doubts, through which the Psalmists and the Sages worked their way. And he ought finally to come to the place where, as an adult, he voluntarily assumes his place in society as a true prophet of God, one who declares in life, in deed and in word his loyalty to the will of his divine Father, speaking to all men the blessed privilege of knowing that Father and sharing his work, and helping to make of earth the kingdom of heaven.

The teaching of the new Bible makes it easy and natural for the teacher to avail himself of all that is good in the equipment and method of today. It is easy and natural, as we have just seen, to recognize the different needs of different ages, and to provide for these in a graded system of instruction. It will be just as natural to provide a new evangelism, for evangelism is in reality nothing but teaching; it is putting truth to a man in such a way that it finds him. And the new Bible ought to help a minister to become a real physician to sick souls, carefully making his diagnosis, and applying the remedy in an intelligent manner. With the new Bible evangelism need not be given over to the patent medicine men, who claim with one form of remedy and one method of treatment to be able to cure a man of whatever ails him. There is a sense, of course, in which all men are alike; we share our human characteristics. There is a sense in which our need is the same; we all need life and health. But in medicine we call a man either a quack or a mountebank who makes a statement like this, and claims with one remedy to bring life and health to every human being. The new Bible teaches us, by its vast variety of treatment of innumerable forms of spiritual ailment, by the method of Jesus if nothing else, that we are to employ a similar discrimination, and to seek a like wisdom in bringing to the human soul the medicine that shall bring that soul once more into harmony with Nature and with God.

The teaching of the new Bible will give us ultimately a new church. Much has been said of late, and rightly, in ridicule of the so-called "cistern method" of education; that method whose end is to cram with mere information. We are learning to teach as Jesus taught us how to teach, by drawing out the nature of the child toward God. Teaching the new Bible will not mean, therefore, a pouring of information, whether new or old, into infantile receptacles. It will be the setting of the child in the midst, placing him alongside of the noble personalities who walked with God, until he himself can learn to walk. But when the Master went about with his disciples, he not only talked with them, and taught them to think and to pray; he taught them to work. If we really teach the new Bible we shall find that it means a new incentive to service, a new direction for service, a new power in service. When we really begin to get hold of the spirit of the new Bible we shall not find people any longer sitting apathetically in pews criticising the preaching; we shall find them going out among men all about them, in the spirit of the seeking, if need be the suffering, but always the joyous and triumphing Christ, binding up the brokenhearted, setting at liberty them that are bound, opening eyes that are blind and ears that have been stopped, speaking hope and courage to the weak and sinful and hopeless; literally bringing a new life to those who have either ceased to live or who had never really begun to live.

In what I have said I have not thought it necessary to try to argue for the new Bible; I have simply assumed that some will think they have a new Bible. Some will, perhaps, deny that there is or can be a new Bible. It is not my purpose to attempt to say which is right. I shall be content if I have been able to suggest, however imperfectly, to those who think of the Bible as a new Book, some ways in which this Book may be used so as to become effective and inspiring as an instrument in teaching.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Change in Theological Beliefs

The Congress of Religion is devoted to no one type or form of theology, but is interested in and hospitable unto all creeds and all theologies. It may be true that those who are willing to fellowship all "seekers after God" are not usually of a very conservative type of mind, but it is also true that we rejoice in a very wide range of theological convictions and that this is one of the most interesting features of our fraternity. Recent discussions of heresy trials emphasize the increasing difficulty in the way of an "authority religion," whose followers feel called upon not only "to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with God"—as they know him, but also to think and believe and preach alike.

The *Homiletic Review* has never been thought "unorthodox" or radical, but it frankly asserts that what Dr. Crapsey does openly, nine out of ten ministers do in secret, and justly deplores the condemnation of an honest, earnest, godly man, whose scholarly interpretations of Scripture do not happen to accord with the interpretations some other man made yesterday. We quote the following:

"What Dr. Crapsey does in an extreme degree, without question nine out of every ten ministers in every church requiring creed subscription also do in some degree. The principle on which Dr. Crapsey is to be unfrocked, impartially applied by those churches which require creed subscriptions, would undo and unsettle their whole ministry. Nearly all of the creeds subscribed are of ancient date. They are framed as metaphysical and logical statements, frequently to meet the heresies of the age that produced them. It would be quite generally regarded as proof of intellectual disease if a man living today should affirm his belief *verbatim et literatim* in the ancient symbols. Yet they are "subscribed" by a very great number of ministers. In view of this fact, it is a matter of importance to ascertain in what sense and to what extent creed subscription is binding.

"The path of progress lies, we have no doubt, in the direction of abandoning creed subscription. It will not be long before we shall all see clearly what is already apparent to many—that creed subscription is not a process that conveys reliable information as to a preacher's theology. He may be perfectly sincere in assenting to a creed, because he expects and intends to "interpret" it. Again, he may in his youth believe, or think he believes, articles that later he outgrows; so that his original 'subscription' no longer means what it did. A far surer method of regulating the theology of a church, if it is to be regulated, is to invite and encourage every minister to form and express his beliefs at all times with absolute freedom, holding the statements of the creed as general historic symbols of the church and trusting to the great progressive consensus of Christian opinion that in the long run will always make it certain that every man shall go to his own place. The churches that have followed this course, notably the Baptist and Congregational churches, have prospered and have already escaped disruptive disturbances. They have found out that theology does not, after all, require a custodian."

An article in the *American Journal of Theology,* entitled "Changes in Theology Among American Congregationalists," from the pen of Professor Williston Walker, has awakened much interest and comment. In the last issue of the *Congregationalist,* Dr. Arthur Little, a representative and honored Congregational minister, now at Dorchester, Mass., contributes a thoughtful and impressive article, courteously taking issue with Professor Walker and asserting:

"The note of conviction is sadly wanting now. The accent of certainty needs to be heard. Affirmations are demanded. Constructive thinking is at a premium. As we think, we are. Men must *think* together if they are long to *act* together. Fellowship in doctrine is the only enduring bond of fellowship in service."

The convictions of Dr. Little are worthy of all respect, but we doubt very much whether the doctrine of the miraculous conception and the mystical preexistence of Jesus is "generally believed and taught by Congregational ministers"—at least by those not over twenty years out of the seminary. Still more do we doubt that men must think together, that is, agree on such dogmas as the "miraculous conception" in order to act together in Christlike ministry and service. It seems to us that theological changes are taking place and yet fellowship in active ministry is going forward. And, moreover, it may quite likely be true that heresy trials and the spirit which demands them are a greater hindrance to Christian progress than the divergence and transition of intellectual belief, which is common to all the sciences, theology included. We protest against the assumption that only those can coöperate in ministering to the "least of these my brethren" who hold to certain doctrines of inspiration, atonement and the like. "Other sheep I have not of this pasture," Jesus said, and "he that is not against us is for us." It was Dr. Coyle who said: "The world will be filialized when it is fraternized." Just now there seems reason to cultivate fellowship and brotherliness, rather than to insist on acceptance of the dogmas of a previous generation.

C. A. O.

THE STUDY TABLE

From Funk and Wagnalls comes "Tuxedo Avenue to Water Street." This is an admirable book, with a touch of evangelical methods—which a rational reader can easily tolerate, while the spirit is beautiful and true. From the same house comes a volume of "Spurgeon's Anecdotes," collected by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. These yarns are dreary stuff, either to read or listen to. You can hear just as good any day in an orthodox prayer meeting. They are of little value, because for the most part they are neither apt nor truthful. It is a great blunder made by some preachers to suppose that a glorious truth needs a lot of kindergarten stories to make it acceptable. Speak from your shoulder what you thoroughly know to be *truth,* and your people will listen.

I have spoken frequently of the invaluable quality of *The Literary Digest.* Every number comes so thoroughly edited as to make it invaluable. It is the very best summary of current history extant. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., of New York. This company now announces the purchase of *Public Opinion,* the chief rival of the *Digest.* This periodical was founded in 1886, and has probably about fifty thousand subscribers, while the *Digest* has one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

The Literary Digest alone excepted, I do not know of one single journal in the United States that is, at present, so well edited as *The School Journal.* This is now published by A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, and is edited by Ossian Lang, and every week. I know of nothing that so closely brings you into contact with the thinking of the world and the educational affairs of the whole world, as this journal. Mr. Lang is the model editor. The *Journal* is worth a dozen illustrated magazines.

E. P. POWELL.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill.—*James A. Garfield.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

A Disgrace to Organized Labor.

A peculiarly brutal murder in Chicago has brought the inevitable outcome of the "slugging" policy in labor disputes home to Chicagoans. A labor union organizer, noted as a slugger, got into a dispute with the secretary of a union on a question of jurisdiction over a certain class of teamsters. The organizer began the dispute, carried it on into a fight in which he was victorious, and then pushed his opponent into the river, where he was drowned, in spite of the immediate efforts of bystanders. As long as the idea prevails among labor unions that they can right their wrongs, real or fancied, by brute force, so long they must expect to find that not only the law is arraigned against them, but that public sentiment, which makes law, and which naturally leans toward the laborer is reluctantly forced to take sides against the union.

Lady Curzon.

The death of Lady Curzon, formerly Miss Leiter, of Chicago, has been felt as something like a personal loss by many in this country. Americans have felt pride in the thought that one of their countrywomen has filled so worthily the position of vicereine of India, the highest position to which the wife of a British subject can hope to attain, and one which involves real responsibility as well as honor. It is specially gratifying to Americans to know that in addition to tact and graciousness, such as is sometimes supposed to be the exclusive possession of the highest aristocracy, Lady Curzon was distinguished by a real devotion to the cause of bettering social conditions, and that she did much during her stay in India to improve the condition of women in that country.

Chinese Labor on Canal.

It is significant that it will probably be necessary to secure Chinese labor to dig the Panama Canal. The West Indian negroes thus far employed are such marvels of inefficiency that they are to be discarded. The Biscayan Spaniards are good, but there are not enough of them. Apparently the Chinese are the only race vigorous enough to do steady hard manual work in the tropics. When we consider the other wonderful qualities of the race and the awakening now in progress in that great empire, we do well to ask ourselves whether the yellow race may not before long be challenging the white for supremacy of the world.

Alfred Beit's Millions.

Alfred Beit, the last of the great trio of adventurers who absorbed by methods of "high finance" the bulk of the vast wealth derived from the South African gold and diamond mines, died last week. However unscrupulously these millions may have been acquired, it is a satisfaction to know that a large share of them is to be devoted hereafter to good uses. Much of this fortune, like that of his partner, Cecil Rhodes, goes to the furtherance of education. One large sum, $6,000,000, however, is left to trustees to aid in the construction of railways, telegraphs and telephones in South Africa. If wisely administered this fund may continue for a long time to promote the material welfare of the land from which the fortune was derived, and help on a real civilization.

Pan-American Congress.

The third Pan-American Congress opened on Monday at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. Our own delegation is of men of good standing, if not of the highest eminence. Secretary Root will also be in atendance. These conferences have hitherto received as little consideration as most matters concerning the more southerly nations of our continent, but are, nevertheless, of high importance. The first conference was held in 1889, at Washington and accomplished not a little in promoting uniform customs regulations and other reforms and improvements. The second, held in Mexico City, in 1901-2, was less successful in securing the adoption of its recommendations, but has not been without effect. The present conference has a long and important program. Its two most important features will be the promotion of international arbitration in all disputes, with an effort for the codification of public international law, and second, the consideration of the Drago Doctrine. This doctrine declares that nations have not the right to collect the public debts of other nations by force. It has, of course, the vehement support of South American nations. It is, equally of course, in direct opposition to present practice as between a strong nation and a weak, but has a real analogy in the more enlightened treatment of individual debtors in our day, and with our regard for the inviolability of our own individual states. South Americans are strongly opposed to the submission of this doctrine for action at The Hague Conference, since the conference will be composed largely of creditor nations.

Mexico for the Mexicans.

For a number of years Mexico has been an increasingly inviting field for men with an adventurous turn of mind, especially in connection with mines and railroads, and has attracted many foreigners, mostly, of course, from the United States. The government has favored them and its stability has made money-making easy. But natives have been much aroused of late at the sight of so much wealth going into foreign hands, while they themselves were almost as poor as ever, and an organization has taken it upon itself to warn secretly many foreigners to leave the country before September 15, the Mexican Independence day, on pain of death. Some have already paid heed to the advice and taken refuge in the United States. It may be that undue advantages have been offered to outsiders and that the class attracted thereby has not been the highest, but it goes without saying that this method of readjustment means not a betterment but an aggravation of unfavorable conditions and a step back toward barbarism.

Dreyfus Decorated.

The decoration of Major Alfred Dreyfus with the cross of the Legion of Honor on the very spot where, twelve years ago, he was degraded from his rank on a false accusation of treachery, his buttons and gold lace cut from his uniform and his sword broken before him, brings to an appropriate and dramatic conclusion that strange episode. It is not Dreyfus so much as France that is restored to honor by this act. Everything that human power could do has been done to atone for the villainy of Esterhazy and his abettors and the passion of the mob. France stands far higher in dignity and in apparent stability for this act of reparation. She owes more than she can repay to Major Dreyfus for his determination to accept nothing less than complete vindication.

The Russian Revolution.

As these words are written civil war seems inevitable in Russia. The Douma adopted an address to the people on the land question and then faltered at the last moment and failed to vote the order for its publication all over the empire. The adoption of the address was a revolutionary act, for it was an appeal from the Czar to the people. Its publication would have been a defiance of his authority. But when it failed to adopt the latter proposal it showed itself to be no longer a united body, and gave the Czar the advantage. He and his advisers were prompt to seize it and dissolved the Douma, ordering a new election on the basis of universal suffrage and massing his troops in St. Petersburg and other large centers. If the troops can be relied on to any considerable extent, the advantage is clearly with the Czar. But that is a great "if." Reports during the last few days tell not only of sporadic mutinies among soldiers and sailors, but of strikes on the part of the police. It will not be a simple matter to get these uneasy troops to make constant and persistent war on their own countrymen and kinsfolk. Yet massacres and assassinations on the part of revolutionists may serve to stiffen their allegiance and rouse their fighting blood. The Douma, in its two months' history, suceeded in passing but a single act that has been reported, one appropriating $7,000,000 for famine relief—a good act, but not a great showing. If it had played its cards better, had been willing to take part of what it wanted since the rest was out of reach, had showed training in parliamentary government, which it never had, it might have succeeded better, have secured the dismissal of the Goremykin ministry and have got the reins of government largely into its own hands. But the radicals and revolutionists were not to be controlled and a defeat is the result. If civil war ensues the popular party will be at a disadvantage. If a new Douma is elected, according to the ukase, there is still hope for a settlement without a general conflagration, and some who know Russia well are inclined to expect this result. The country, it is claimed, is too vast and too sparsely settled for general rising after the French fashion. Meanwhile, many minor phases of that struggle are being reported. Assassinations are too numerous to mention. The peasants are land-mad and in large districts go about ravaging the country and destroying the houses of the landlords. Many Russians of every class are emigrating. Berlin alone has a Russian population estimated at 20,000. And the end is not yet.

T. D. B.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell that we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our character in the wrong way.

MON.—We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, never to be undone.

TUES.—Every smallest stroke of vice or virtue leaves its ever so little scar.

WED.—Nothing we ever do is in strict scientific literalness wiped out.

THURS.—Divinity lies all about us and culture is too hide-bound to even suspect the fact.

FRI.—Not to our generals and poets, but to the Italian and Hungarian laborers in the subway rather, ought the monuments of gratitude and reverence of a city like Boston be reared.

SAT.—The vice of ordinary Jack and Jill affection is not its intensities, but its exclusiveness and its jealousies.

—*William James in Talks on Psychology and Life's Ideals.*

One day we meet a stranger with a thrill;
We touch his hand and know that we are kin;
We walk together, years long it may be,
But do we pierce to all that dwells within?

Nay, though he loves us, he cannot impart
All that we fain would know—nature restrains—
Her sacred silences we must respect,
Nor sound his deepest deeps for all our pains.

Nor can we to him all ourselves reveal,
However freely we our thoughts disclose,
Some secrets still we keep like that which lurks
Within the close-shut heart of some sweet rose.

Its fragrance half-conveys it to our sense,
Its beauty opens broadly to our view,
Yet there is that within its inmost heart
To which our outer senses give no clew.

—*Hattie Tyng Griswold.*

Liberty

What man is there so bold that he should say:
"Thus and thus only would I have the sea?"
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use and stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore—
Always it is the sea, and all bowed down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

And so in vain will timorous men essay
To set the metes and bounds of liberty,
For freedom is its own eternal law;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover around its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson ax
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings,
For always in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And, though thou slay us, we will trust in thee.

—*John Hay.*

A City's Great Hunt for Mosquitoes

Few cities in this country—probably no other large city—offer such favorable terms to the mosquito as New Orleans. Nearly every house has its private breeding ground for the little pests. This is because the local water company supplies, at an exorbitant price, a liquid so dirty that it is unfit to drink and unpleasant even to bathe in. Therefore the better class of houses have large cisterns and the poorer class water-barrels in which the roof-drainage is stored for family use. Nothing more convenient and comfortable for the mosquito could be devised; more particularly for the *stegomyia*, as she is a house-haunter, and also exhibits a preference for clear water over muddy. Pretty nearly every cistern, water-barrel, tub and other receptacle for storing water in New Orleans was found, when investigation was on, to harbor the larvæ of the *stegomyia*.

The first move of the district workers was to inspect all premises and note all conditions favorable to the development of the insects. Then arrangements were made either to spread oil over the surface of the water, so that the "wigglers" coming up, should be destroyed, or to protect the water by netting. This last method was used for the cisterns. Before it was half done the supply of wire netting was gone. "Use cheesecloth temporarily," came the order from headquarters. Thereafter many quarters of the city presented a most eerie appearance, especially at night, each house being haunted by a huge, shrouded ghost, towering beside it.

By the first of August every district, outside of the infected region, which was in charge of the federal authorities, was able to announce itself approximately protected. Then came one of those dire events that seem like the direct interposition of a demoniac agency. The weather allied itself to the epidemic. A terrific night-storm of wind and rain fell upon the city. It tore loose the cheese-cloth and the lighter netting. It overflowed the water-receptacles, carrying off the safeguarding surface oil. It formed thousands of little pools where the *stegomyia* might drop her eggs. It not only undid the work of toilful days and nights, but it established new conditions of difficulty. That next gloomy morning, when the working leaders crawled down to general headquarters, sick at heart, bedraggled, weary with the desperate, hopeless battle of the night, they found above the office door a bright, new placard bearing a motto for the hour of disaster:

WEAR A SMILE UPON YOUR FACE
AND A FLOWER IN YOUR BUTTON-HOLE.

It was like a trumpet-call to the fighting men. In it was embodied the unconquerable spirit of New Orleans under fire. The workers passed beneath the sign, and within found Dr. Warner with a smile on *his* face and a flower in *his* button-hole. None of the atmosphere of defeat was there. It had been a knock-down blow, but the fighter was on his feet again, cool, resourceful, and with unabated courage. That day, the very essence of inspiration went out from headquarters. The call to the work was sounded in every quarter of the city; in banks, in office-buildings, on the floor of the exchanges, in the wholesale districts, in the crowded stores, in clubs, in church meetings, in restaurants and saloons, the summons came to every able man to help rebuild the defenses of the city. That day and the next day and for days thereafter, coatless and hatless lawyers and clerks, merchants, doctors, barkeepers, book-keepers, ministers and bankers, perching perilously on roof-slopes and cistern tops, hammered alternately their unpracticed fingers and the nails that made sound the netting-fortifications of the beleaguered town. And in the evenings they betook themselves weary, sore, and enthusiastic to meetings in churches, in halls, in theaters, in schools, in assembly rooms, in every place possible for gatherings, and listened to lectures devoted entirely to the mosquito and the destruction thereof.—*Samuel Hopkins Adams, in McClure's for June.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Vacation Notes

POST-CONFERENCE TRIPS.—The twenty-eighth annual conference of the American Library Association closed with a general session on the morning of July 6, in the ballroom of the New Matthewson at Narragansett Pier. The general topic, the library in relation to special classes of readers, covered such sub-topics as: Books for the blind, books for the foreign population, supply and use of technical and industrial books, libraries and settlement work. The various papers and reports, with the attendant discussion, proved of unusual freshness as well as practical importance. It is to be regretted so much interesting matter was crowded into the inevitably more or less distracted hours preceding departure.

The election announcements showed Mr. Clement W. Andrews, of the John Crerar Library, Chicago, president for the coming year; vice-presidents, Mr. Edwin H. Anderson, director of the New York State Library, and Miss Katharine L. Sharpe, of the University of Illinois. The next place of meeting will be Asheville, N. C.

Aside from the general sessions, of which above mention has so far been made in these Vacation Notes, an A. L. A. conference now includes sessions of a considerable number of sections and affiliated associations, such as the Catalogue Section, Trustees' Section, College and Reference Section, Children's Librarians' Section, the National Association of State Libraries, the Bibliographical Society of America and the League of Library Commissions, not to mention the so-called Round Table meetings for small libraries, for proprietary libraries, etc., and the reunions of the various library school associations: New York State Library, Illinois, Pratt Institute, and Drexel Institute. The survey of a program including all these varied organizations and interests serves to bring home to one most convincingly the amazing development of the American library movement since the formation of the American Library Association in 1876. A development in which this association has been a most potent factor, and which presents itself to the intelligent foreign observer as one of the most significant and characteristic features of our American life.

With the adjournment of the general session at noon on July 6, the Narragansett Pier conference came to an end but at 1:30 a considerable number of those in attendance again boarded the convenient trolley cars en route for Newport. At Saunderstown on our way to the boat all stopped for a peep at the Willett Free Library, a tiny "house by the side of the road," evidently especially opened and flower-adorned on that day on purpose to welcome us.

Again the Warwick awaited us and when the indefatigable chairman of the travel committee, Frederick W. Faxon, of the Boston Book Company, had seen the last trunk aboard, we steamed away for Newport with the best weather and a breeze just fresh enough to give the more sensitive a few moments' suggestion of *mal de mer* at one point in the passage.

At Newport vehicles of various descriptions were in waiting for the party. The library of the Historical Society was passed without stopping by unanimous consent, but the venerable Redwood Library in its verdant setting of well-kept lawn and spreading elms, so evidently expected us that a general descent was made from the carriages. Seeing UNITY'S good friend, John Fretevell, sharply scrutinizing each passer-by at the entrance, your correspondent clambered down from her seat aloft on a tally-ho that he might not be disappointed in his search for a familiar face. He had already been in attendance at the earlier meetings at Narragansett Pier and was on hand to welcome us at Providence. His own not inconsiderable library is soon to be divided between the Public Library of San Francisco, the American Unitarian Association and certain foreign beneficiaries.

Leaving the Redwood, a delightful drive gave us a sight of the millionaire summer homes of Newport, which most of us would far rather see than own, and ended at Easton Beach with another shore dinner, after which came farewells to all but the few who would go on next morning to New Bedford and thence to Nantucket. These few had time for a sunset stroll along the justly famous cliff walk. This, taken by little groups, was perhaps the most satisfying of the day's pleasant experiences.

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Saturday morning at 9:30 the now greatly diminished party took train for Fall River, where ample time was given for a visit to the very commodious and well-arranged new building of the local Public Library and Art Gallery, after which we sped away by trolley to New Bedford. The sky grew overcast as we whizzed along and by the time we had finished our dinner at the Mansion House in New Bedford the rain was falling. Nevertheless we found our way in little groups to the Public Library. This, housed in old-time rooms in a building containing various public offices and apparently never intended for library uses, formed a striking contrast to the very modern accommodations of the library at Fall River. The impression it made was, however, a most charming one. In the words of one enthusiastic visitor it was "the bookiest place I ever saw." A lofty pillared room with galleries, all fillled, save an open space before the delivery-desk, with book-cases rising tier on tier, seemed to bring all the treasures of the library before one at once in a setting suggestive of old and noble associations with a fine literary flavor. A fine collection of art books and mounted pictures crowded into a small, high-ceiled room at the rear, and various other features, vividly recalled the similarly overcrowded but richly suggestive *Bürgerbliothek* visited with so much pleasure in Lucerne, Switzerland, last year. Only a glance could be given to the Historical Society's interesting collection of implements and relics of the old whaling days, housed in an adjoining street, ere the departure of the Nantucket boat.

Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Decatur and Madison were all well represented in the party of forty-nine that held together for the post-conference rest-trip to Nantucket. Notwithstanding cloud and rain, the passage was a very smooth one, and the darkness and downpour in which we landed there only served to enhance the charms of the Sea Cliff Inn with its home-like reception room and open fires. It seemed indeed a haven of rest.

Sunday was showery, but church time developed the fact that there were eight or more good Unitarians in our little band ready and eager to attend service in the old church, whose clock tower dominates the whole town and figures in one of its most popular picture postal cards.

Some word of welcome to the visiting librarians was spoken that day in all the churches of Nantucket coupled with the announcement of an informal reception to be tendered them next morning at 10 in the Athenæum Library. This library proved to be another of those attractive local book centers, rich in historic associations and suggestions, for which Massachusetts is so justly noted. With its open book shelves, its old pictures and portraits, and a profusion of most artistically arranged wild flowers from the moors it certainly presented a most hospitable appearance, while Nantucket ladies and gentlemen, under the chairmanship of the Unitarian pastor, Mr. Day, gave us most cordial welcome, introduced us to the historic associations of the place and asked in return for suggestions as to how their books might be made more useful to the entire community. The few informal addresses seemed to bring all into quick and friendly sympathy and the experience was a pleasant one even to hard-working librarians already wearied by a week's meetings, papers and discussions. A cordial note of sympathy and appreciation signed by the professional visitors was subsequently sent to the sick-bed of the faithful librarian who has nearly completed her fifty years of loving service in this island community.

Drives to quaint old Sinsconset and to Surfside, walks, bathing, sailing, visits to the old Coffin house (1686), to the last of the windmills, the Maria Mitchell House, the Historical Museum and old Friends' meeting-house, the Coffin industrial school with its basketry and needlework exhibits, and above all the soft, delicious air, the color and picturesque charms of town and moor made the days seem all too short. Happy the few whose vacation dates allowed them to settle down and spend a week or two in this island whose people, after the stirring days of the whaling industry, have been reduced to the unenviable fate of living on summer boarders. The rest of us reluctantly bade it and one another adieu on July 12.

M. E. H.

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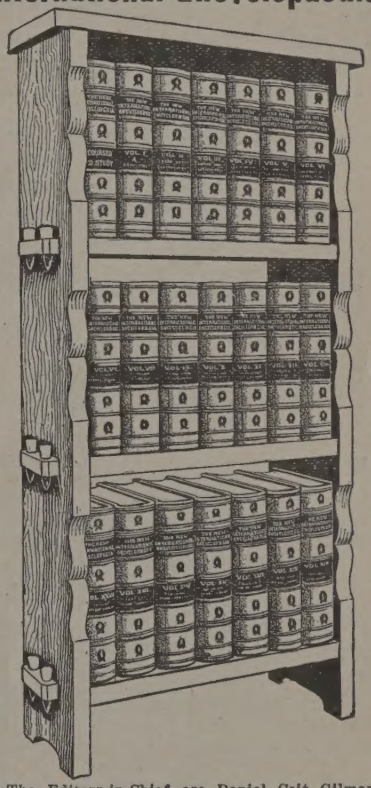

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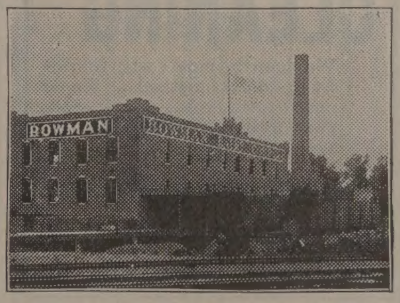

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